MAR-MARTINE,

I know not why a trueth in rime ſet out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As ſhameleſſe lies in proſe-books caſt about
Marprieſts, & prelates, and ſubvert whole ſtates.
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes,
One truth in rime, is worth ten lies in proſe.

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LORDES *of our land, and makers of our Lawes,*
Long may yee liue, Lawes many may you make,
This careful, kind, and country-louing clawse,
As from a faithfull friend, vouchsafe to take:
Martine *the merry, who now is* Mar-prelate,
Will proue madde Martine, *and* Martine *mar-the-state.*
The Wind doth first send forth a Whistling sound,
Then fierce, and fearefull, hollow, thundring threates,
At length it riues the earth, and rents the ground
And tumbles townes and cities from their seates,
So he Who first did laughing libells send,
Will at the last procure a Wreakefull end.
Women are woed to follow men precise
Young boies without experience hold thē Gods,
Yea some for gaine, Who are both olde and wise:
Thus merrie Martine *sets the World at ods.*
The frozen snake for colde that cannot creepe
Restorde to strength a stinging stur will keepe.
Let neighbour-nations learne vs to beware,
Let harmes at home teach vs for to take heede;
When Browne *and* Barrowe *haue done what they dare*
Their hellish Hidraes heades will spring with speede:
Such men as Martine *caused all these woes:*
This poison still encreaseth as it goes.
Somewhat I heard, and mickle haue I seene
It were too long to tell your Lordships what:
Somewhat I knowe, and somewhat haue I beene,
Yet this I saie, and this is also flat.
Bridle the coltish mouth of Male-part
Or else his hoofe will hurte both head and hart.
Anglia Martinis parce favere malis.

England was wont by auncient rites,
To stand and so endure:
But now new faulkeners make men birds,
And call vs to the lure,
The painted lure the hauke deceaues
Men finde no grapes on painted leaues.

This catching sport will scratching make,
The quarrell heere will grow,
Twixt hauke and faulkener at the last
Each one will make a showe,
I flewe, I caught, the hauke may say,
The faulkener What? Ile haue the praie.

The clergiesman like sillie hauke
Hath flowen at Lai-mans lore

And

And nowe perceaues that flying ſtill
Yet flie he may the more.
If ought be caught by flight of thine,
The Lai-man ſaith all muſt be mine.

I ſwoopt at fair'ſt bothe Church and lands
To lay to Cleargie vſe,
But Lai-man laies, Lai-man ſo calde,
And vowes to lay abuſe.
O greedie dirt thy craft I ſee:
Be hauke and faulkener both for me.

Is this thy ſigh, thy hand devout,
Turnd vp with White of eie?
Thy gape, thy grone? to cooſen him
That ſits in heauen ſo high?
O greedy dirt, o helliſh hart
Thy cunning coven wil make thee ſmart.

Poore John and Ioane are eaten vp,
The country cleane forlorne,
Men turnd to ſheepe, let pecus *fight,*
Men cannot long be borne.
O bleſſed Prince looke wel to this,
Twil ſhorten ſoone our countries bliſſe.

Abbots were fat & friers frimme,
The Whoreſons lov'de their eaſe,
Yet ſtanding houſe by them was kept,
Which did the poore man pleaſe.
Now much of theirs to them is gone,
Who having much yet ſpend they none.

Thy fly to Wood like breeding hauke,
And leaue old neighbours loue,
They pearch themſelues in ſyluane lodge,
And ſoare in th'aire aboue.
There: magpy teacheth them to chat,
And cookow ſoone doth hit them pat.

When Winter comes our Eues lacke heate,
And caſt off Adam olde,
And then hote ſprites muſt needs be had,
To put in heat to colde.
To townes they goe, within a While,
Looke home old Adam. Marke this Wile,

The holy Whore no fellow hath,
The Pruritane is ſhee,
That midſt her praiers ſends her eie,
The pureſt man to ſee.
The purer man, the better grace,

The cleareſt hue the cherefulſt face.

Sprite moues her firſt to wiſh him wel,
And diſcipline decaied
Doth make her ſeeke ſo far from wood
To haue Gods word obaied.
Ile tel you plaine, the matter is freſh,
They gin in ſprite, but end in fleſh.

A diſpling rod muſt needs be had.
Good Martins ſay not ſo:
This diſpling rod, will make you nod,
And cauſe your heads to grow.
Get home, keepe houſe, ware tounes ſo pure:
Their zeale is hot, theyle plaie you ſure.

When home you come, ioine faith & loue,
Let prieſt his portion haue,
Let neighbours field be as it was,
Caſt off your garments braue.
Loue God and goſpel as you ought,
And let that goe, that was il ſought.

Muſt churches doune to maintaine pride
And make your ſailes to ſwel?
Few mighty ſubiects fit a ſtate:
A few doe verie wel.
Cracke me this nut, thou gentle blood,
Whoſe father was but Robin-hood.

Shal Prince ſay no, and pearleſſe men,
Deteſt this wrangling broode,
Who neither Prince, nor peere will knowe,
In this their traiterous moode?
And do they liue, and liue they ſtil
Their poiſoned cup of gal to fil?

Martins farewel, and lets be friends,
And thanke God for his word,
And Prince and peers, and peace and al
And skaping forraine ſword.
Yet no mans ſword could ſtrike ſo ſore
As Martins would. Ile ſay no more.

Thou caytif kerne, vncouth thou art, vnkiſt thou eke ſal bee.
For aiming thus in coverture at Prelatis hie in gree.
Thy ſpell is borrell, ſpokis bin blunt, thy ſconce rude, ruſticall,
But to the hecfor fell and feirce, ſhort hornis done eſt befall.
The Sainctis in heavin & earth thou ſcornſt, & ſelfe thou doſt nikname.
It ſemis thou wert in baſtardie a ſwad begat with ſhame.
In England Sir, tomteltroth is lowd plea at everie barre
Why dar thou not then ſhew thy ſcalpe gainſt clarkis proclaiming warre.
For thie, thou ſeemis nought els bot lies, & leaſings are thy leere,

No pitie twere to cut the combe of ſike a chauntecleere.

I clipt thou art, as people ſayen, Martin *the* Mar-prelat,
Better the mought thie ſelfe benempt, Mar-Queene, Mar-potentat.
The Kirke of God may call that ſtower, & eke, that time vnbliſt,
Sith ſwaines forſwonke, & ſo forſwat, moght, ſayen what them liſt.
Siker, thous bot a pruid princock thus reking of thy ſwinke,
That with thilke irefull tauntes & lies to bleare mens eien doſt thinke.
Now God ſheild man that wiſards al, ſhould daunce after thy pipe,
Whaes wordis bin witleſſe, termis bin fond, & tonge is hanging ripe.
Thilke way & trood whilke thou doſt ſwade, is ſteepe & alſo tickle,
To Keſar, King, and people too, the fall warre varie mickle.

This old ſaid ſawe, this reede is rife, quha kenneth not this lore,
Whilke has bin taken as a creede of ſires that were of yore?
Seem'd ſanctitie is trecherie, and newfangled religioun,
Noucht is bot groſſe knaverie, and maiſtres of confuſioun.
Quhat zeale were thilke that kingis gwerdons, whae are iclad in clay
Quhilk they bequeathit to the kirke as monuments for aie,
Should be ſo robd and ranſackit, contrair to their beheſts,
To make new vpſtart Iacks Lor-Danes, with coine to cram their cheſts?
That they whaes fathers wer bot kernis, knauis, peſants, clownis, & booris,
Moght perke as paddocks, ligg in ſoft, & ſwath their paramoris?

For thy graund zeale is nought bot that, thou ſoareſt at thilke ſame:
Thus han purloining ſlauis thee made an inſtrument of ſhame.
Like as a gleede is hovering to catch her younglings praie,
To gurmandize the chicke, or bring the duckling to her bay:
So ſootly thou can pipe to them, they deftly daunce to thee
In roundelay, with ſtolen pelfe to maken mirth and glee.
Quhile ſauſily quhaire no ſcape was thou wouldeſt al amendit:
Tholy annointed one her ſelfe thy ſpokis they han offendit.
Thy zeale's petit (Maſſe Mar-prelat*) God knawes, thy purpoſe euill,*
Thy rowtis bin miſcreants, & thou a chaplin for the devil.

Thilke men of elde that han from God the ſprite of prophecie,
Quhilk thou doſt reke, did not as thou, ſpeke ſcoffes and ribaudrie.
Weil lettred clarkis endite thair warkes (quoth Horace*) ſlow & geaſoun,*
Bot thou can wiſe forth buike by buike at euery ſpurt & ſeaſoun.
For men of litrature t'endite ſo faſt, them doth not ſitte,
Enaunter in them, as in thee, thair pen outrun thair witt.
The ſhaftis of foolis are ſoone ſhotte out, bot fro the merke they ſtray:
So art thou glibbe to guibe and taunte, bot roueſt all the way.
Quhen thou haſt parbrackt out thy gorge, & ſhot out all thy arrowes,
See that thou hold thy clacke, & hang thy quiuer on the gallowes.

For Soveraigne Dame Elizabeth, *that Lord it lang ſhe maie,*
(O England) now full eften muſt thou Pater Noſter *ſay.*
And for thoſe mighty Potentatis, thou kenſt what they bin highs,
The tout-puiſſant Chevaliers *that fend S. Nichols right,*

Els clarkis will soonall be Sir Johns, the preistis craft will empaire.
And Dickin, Jackin, Tom & Hob, mon sit in Rabbies chaire.
Let Georg & Nichlas cheek by iol bathe still on cockehorse yode,
That dignitie of priestis with thee may han a lang abode.
Els litrature mon spredde her winges, & piercing welkin bright:
To heaven from whence she did first wend, retire & take her flight.

O England gemme of Europe, c Angells land,
Blest for thy gospell, people, prince, and all,
Anglia. *And all through peace, let* Martins *vnderstand*
The hony of thy peace, abhorre their gall.

Martins? *what kind of creatures mought those bee?*
Martinis. *Birds, beasts, men, Angels, Feends? Nay worse say we.*
The feendes spake faire sometimes and honour gaue,
Curse and contempt in all that Martins *haue.*

Disce. England *if yet thou art to learne thy spell,*
Learne other things, such doctrine is for hell.

What *favor would these* Martins? *Shall I say*
Favere. *As other birds wherwith yong children play.*
Let them be cagd, and hempseed be their food
Hempseed the only meate to feede this broode.
Tuis. Disclaime *these monsters, take them not for thine*
Hell was their wombe, and hell must be their shryne.

Many *would know the holy Asse,*
And who mought Martin been,
Plucke but the foote cloth from his backe,
The Asse will soone be seene.

My *Lordes, wise wittall Martins thinke*
Your Lordships flie to hie:
Keepe on your flight aloft as yet,
Lest Martins come too nie.
For were your winges a little clipt,
They soone would plucke the rest:
And then the place too high for you.
Would be pure Martins nest.

What *is the greefe that most afflictes all Martins broode?*
Even selfe-conceite supported with a melancholy moode.
What are the cheefest points whereon they raise debate?
No lesse then chaunging Princes lawes, and altring present state.
And of what sorte are those that to this point are come?
Of rascals more then others, but of euery sort are some.
What age or learning hath the number of their traine?
Children for age, for learning fooles: but fooles & boyes would raigne.
What paines dooth lawe appoint to put the rest in feare?
For treason death, but that her grace is loth to be severe.

Long

Long may ſhe liue, and thoſe long may her grace defend:
That they and other like bad thought, ere this t'haue brought to ende.

Men aske whie Martins do almeſdeedes, and houſe-keeping defie:
Their anſwer is, that houſe-keeping and almes are poperie.

If any wonder that not onlie men are pure,
But women like hipocriſie do alſo put in vre,
They vſe the helpe of ſome, that never did them wed:
And learne to proue ſuch holy dames of Martins in their bed.

New-fangled boies I thought to terme the birdes of Martins neſt,
But that I ſee in getting boies, like men they doe their beſt.

Wel maiſt thou marke but neuer canſt thou marre,
This preſent ſtate whereat thou ſo daoſt ſtorme:
Nor they that thee vphold to make this iarre,
And would forſooth our Engliſh lawes deforme.
Then be thou but Marke-prelate as thou art:
Thou canſt not marre though thou wouldſt ſwelt thy hart.

In Ammons land pretended Rephaims dwelt,
That termd them-ſelues Reformers of the ſtate,
Theſe like Zanzummins, and Deformers dealte,
Among the people ſtirring vp debate.
But when their vilenes, was eſpied and knowen:
From Ammons land this Gyants broode, was throwen.
Our England, that for vnitie hath beene,
A glaſſe for Europe, hath ſuch monſters bread,
That raile at Prelats, and oppugne their Queene,
Whole common wealthes, each beareth in his head.
Theſe Rephaims, for ſo the would be deemd:
Are nothing leſſe, then tha: they moſt haue ſeemd.
Then if we loue the gouernement of peace,
Which true Reformers from aboue maintaine,
And forraine force could never make it ceaſe,
Nor theſe Deformers, can with vices ſtaine:
Firſt let vs finde pretended Rephaims rowte,
And like Zanzummins, let vs caſt them out.

Martin had much a farther reach, then euery man can geſſe,
Hee might haue cald himſelfe Mar-preeſt, that hath bene ſomewhat leſſe,
But ſeeking all to overthrowe, what ever high might be:
Mar-prelate he did call himſelfe, a foe to high degree.

The verieſt knaues cheefe Prutitans, and Martinitts are found:
And why? they ſaie where ſin was great, there grace will moſt abound.

Now where the father loues the Pope, for private wealth, or gaine:
The ſonne is of an other minde, and followes Martins traine.
So that in chaunge of churches rites, what ever may be donne:

They will be sure it shall advance, the father, or the sonne.

If any mervaile at the man, and doe desire to see
The stile and phrase of Martins *booke: come learne it here of mee.*

Holde my cloke boy, chill haue a vling at Martin, *O the boore;*
And if his horseplay like him well, of such he shall haue store.
He thus bumfeges his bousing mates, and who is Martins *mate?.*
O that the steale-counters were knoune, chood catch them by the pate:
Th'vnsauorie snuffes first iesting booke, though clownish, knauish was:
But keeping still one stile, he prooues a sodden headed asse.
Beare with his ingramnesse a while, his seasoned wainscot face:
That brought that godly Cobler Cliffe, for to disproue his grace.

But (O) that Godly cobler Cliffe, as honest an olde lad,
As Martin *(O the libeller) of hangbyes ever had.*
If I berime thy worshipnes, as thou beliest thy betters:
For railing, see which of vs two shall be the greatest getters.
But if in flinging at such states, thy noddle be no slower:
Thy brother hangman will thee make, be pulde three asses lower.
Then mend these manners Martin, *or in spite of* Martins *nose:*
My rithme shall be as dogrell, as vnlearned is thy prose.

These tinkers termes, and barbers iestes first Tarleton *on the stage,*
Then Martin *in his bookes of lies, hath put in euery page:*
The common sort of simple swads, I can there state but pitie:
That will vouchsafe, or deygne to laugh, at libelles so vnwittie.
Let Martin *thinke some pen as badde, some head to be as knavish:*
Soome tongue to be as glibbe as his, some rayling all as lavish,
And be content: if not, because we know not where to finde thee:
We hope to se thee where deserts of treason haue assignd thee.

Cast *of thy cloake and shrine thy selfe, in cloake-bagge, as is meete:*
And leaue thy flinging at the preest, as Iades doe with their feete.
The Preest must liue, the Bishop guide:
To teach thee how to leaue thy pride.

If Martin *dy by hangmans hands, as he deserues no lesse,*
This Epitah must be engravde, his maners to expresse.

HERE hangs knaue *Martine* a traitrous Libeler he was
Enemie pretended but in hart a friend to the * Papa,
Now made meat to the birdes that about his carkas are hagling.
Learne by his example yee route of Pruritan Asses,
Not to resist the doings of our most gratious Hester,
Martin is hangd, o the Master of al Hypocritical hangbies.

*This bodg is known to be his own.

Collated & ok
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